



A CHILD'S HISTORY  
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









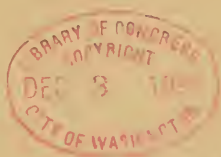


# A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

(IN VERSE)

BY  
EMMA WORTMANN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
C. E. LE MASSENA



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## INTRODUCTION.

By means of its history only are we able to trace the various stages of development of a nation. Whether it be one of progress or of retrogression ; whether eventful or uneventful ; whether one of peace or war ; whether one of harmony or discord—it is the history alone which can give us a complete insight into the many and varied forces which shape the stage upon which national events play. But few histories abound in events following each other in such rapid succession as that of America and the United States. France may have her Louis XIV., Louis XVI., and Napoleon ; Germany, her Frederick the Great, William I., and Bismarck ; England, her Charles I., Elizabeth, and Wellington. But where will one look for another Washington ? Where will we find a second Lincoln ? Where another Gettysburg ? What more enchanting reading can one find than pursuing and following, step by step, these men and monarchs who have played such an important part in the drama of life and in the history of the world ? The history of our country is filled, from its very beginning, with the most interesting events, some of which the world has never seen

the equal—a history abounding in struggles, wars, and strifes; filled with names as familiar as those of Napoleon, Wellington, and Cromwell. It stands out as one of intense interest, and none can watch the growth of the New World and fail to wonder at and admire the pluck and perseverance and devotion of the men and women whose names appear so frequently upon its pages. It affords reading as intense as any history of the world's famous nations; more interesting than a novel; more entertaining than a book of travel, and as instructive as it is entertaining. The women do not play as important a part in the history of America as they do in that of France or that of England, which adds greatly to the attractiveness of the latter; but we are none the less proud of our men and our heroes, and honor the glory which they have achieved for the star-spangled banner. The events through which this country has passed have been compiled by skilful historians, elaborated in beautiful and touching diction, and presented in a most attractive form; but to the young these are altogether too far in advance of their years, and they are consequently unable to become interested, and the study of history has fallen too much into the background. The young should have the same privileges as the old, and every young person should be thoroughly familiar with the history of his country. In order to enable the young folk to study with pleasure, this book has been

written. It presents the historical events in a most attractive manner, and, being in verse, cannot but interest those for whom it has been written. The young folk are entitled to this, and all who accept it will find upon its pages the wonderful story of our country's progress, depicted in a faithful manner, and presented in a most pleasing and novel form.



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## STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming ?  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes ;  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.  
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh ! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave !

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country should leave us no more ?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.



No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their loved home and wild war's desolation !  
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1814).

# HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

IN Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two,  
Columbus, a man whom nobody knew,  
With a heart full of hope and deepest emotion,  
In three little ships sailed over the ocean.

The names of the ships were the "Nina" and "Pinta,"  
But the best and the third was named "Santa Maria."  
On the third day of August, from Palos, in Spain.  
He sailed ; but none thought to see him again.

The sailors were frightened the farther they went,  
And threatened his life if he would not relent ;  
A great many days they had sailed, but in vain,  
So they wanted the ships pointed homeward again.

But Columbus informed them : “ Three days, only, more  
Let me sail on, and I’ll bring you ashore.”

When the third morning dawned, a sailor cried out :  
“ I see the land he has told us about ! ”

With great fear and trembling, they fell on their knees  
And begged of Columbus their fears to appease.  
So he lifted his hand, pointing up to the sky :  
“ Not to me you must kneel, but to God upon high.”

Columbus knelt down and prayed with his crew,  
For the beautiful land of which nobody knew ;  
And the name “ San Salvador ” gave he to the land,  
For he knew the good Lord had guided his hand.

He discovered more islands, while cruising around ;  
And when his vessels were homeward bound,  
Well stored with riches, and natives, too,  
He had nothing to fear from a penitent crew.

Then kind Isabella, the good Queen of Spain,  
And Ferdinand, too, received him again.  
They gave him great honor, and bade him sit down  
And tell to the court, of the land he had found.

Columbus set sail again the next year,  
And discovered the island of Hayti, so fair.  
Twice more did Columbus cross the broad sea,  
And seven years later he died, as you see.

A great man was he, this bold navigator,  
Who made a mistake, discovered much later  
Instead of landing on old Asia's shore,  
He had found a new land, and a continent more.

But the honor of giving a name to that land  
Was given to another, who saw the mainland  
But seven years later; and yet the same  
Was named after him, to honor his name.

And from poor Columbus, though sad 'tis to say,  
The people turned their attention away;  
And instead of us saying "Columbia,"  
The country was called "America."

## CHAPTER II.

## THE COLONISTS.

MANY more navigators to America sped,  
To explore the new land that was talked of and read;  
But none thought it wise to settle down there,  
Until Walter Raleigh received his full share.

In Fifteen Hundred and Eighty-Four,  
Followed soon after by many more,  
He sent out a new and grand expedition,  
To explore the new land, and report its condition.

They returned and told of the things they had seen,  
And in honor of England's fair Virgin Queen,  
Elizabeth Tudor, so kind and so true,  
He called the new colony "Virginia," too.

The colony prospered not so well as he thought,  
Though tobacco and rice to England were brought.  
• And the first English child born far over there  
Was named, like the colony, "Virginia Dare."

Many long years had now passed away,  
And in London's Tower sat Walter Raleigh.  
Elizabeth died, Sixteen Hundred and Three,  
And he was beheaded on bended knee.

In the month of December, when tempests abound,  
Went a new expedition to the land newly found ;  
And four months they sailed without seeing land,  
When storm drove their ship to a river at hand.

To honor the King of England they cried :  
“ We'll call it ‘ James River,’ and near it abide.”  
The country was lovely, the flowers were sweet,  
And grew in abundance right under their feet.

They founded a city and called it “ Jamestown,”  
But the Indians came and encamped all around.  
Of a hundred strong men who first landed there,  
But fifty survived, with the greatest of care.

John Smith, a young man, was one of the crew,  
Who helped the poor men the best way he knew.  
He was once made a captive, but Powhatan, the chief  
Of thirty strong tribes, soon sent him relief.

Pocahontas, his daughter, as kind as could be,  
Had pity on Smith, and had him set free.  
Then he was made governor of this little town,  
But returned soon to England, his home and his crown.

Sad times now awaited the colony there,  
For the red men attacked them everywhere.  
The food gave out, so they searched around  
And lived upon things that there could be found.

With a ship-load of people, and provisions in store,  
Sir Thomas Gates sailed from England's old shore.  
He stranded on Bermuda, the land of the rose,  
Before the long year had come to a close.

During the months of that winter, the crew  
Remained there, until the warmer winds blew ;  
And in spring they set sail for poor Jamestown,  
Where death had most of the people struck down.

But if they had waited a few days more  
They all would have died on that unhappy shore.  
So Gates took away that poor little band,  
Intending to take them to Newfoundland.

But Lord De la Warre from England was sent,  
Who met them, and back to Jamestown they went,  
Where he helped them to work and induced them to stay ;  
But he had to give up, for his health gave way.

Thomas Dale then took charge of the colony,  
But was hated by all for his great cruelty.  
The Indians again became troublesome,  
Destroying villages and many a home.

But sweet Pocahontas, now growing in years,  
Became a good Christian, without any fears.  
She married John Rolfe, an Englishman true,  
And peace was restored with the Indians, too.

As "Lady Rebecca" to England she sailed,  
And wherever she went with joy was she hailed.  
She received much attention from every one there,  
And was talked about constantly everywhere.

For a princess was she, though of Indian blood ;  
But her poor young life was nipped in the bud,  
And before she could go to her native land  
Cruel death had crushed her with his cold hand.



So the colonists planted tobacco, and made  
A much better living, though trouble they had.  
In Sixteen-Sixteen, in counting them all,  
But three hundred and fifty answered the call.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE PILGRIMS AND OTHER SETTLERS.

AT that time, the parsons of England fought  
A great deal about how religion was taught ;  
With each other they could not agree,  
For every one thought so differently.

One parson, named John Robinson,  
Being tired of all the pro and con,  
Took part of his flock to Leyden, and  
Remained thirteen years in old Holland.

They called themselves "Pilgrims," intending to take  
A journey yet longer, for religion's sake.  
A sea-ship they built, working hard every hour,  
And gave her the beautiful name—"Mayflower."

In Sixteen-Twenty, a band of not more  
Than one hundred strong, left Holland's old shore ;  
They sailed in the Mayflower, to the far-off land,  
And great were the fears for the brave little band.

Near the end of December of this year, they  
On Plymouth Rock landed one sunshiny day ;  
Kneeling down, they thanked God for His guiding hand,  
Which had safely brought them to this peaceful land.

But they were not used to a climate so cold,  
And many sickened and died in this fold.  
Before the cold winter to spring gave way,  
Forty-four of the hundred were taken away.

The Indians, also, everywhere,  
Tormented the settlers who had come there ;  
But Miles Standish, commander at Plymouth then,  
Severely dealt with the red-faced men.

And the Pilgrims suffered from want of food,  
And the little they had was far from good.  
But many more Pilgrims, from Holland's old shore,  
Came over and strengthened the colony more.

Soon after the Pilgrims had settled here,  
The austere " Puritans " followed their rear.  
And before ten years had passed away,  
Twenty thousand, and more, had come to stay.

Among them were people of every nation,  
Of which the Dutch formed a large congregation.  
An Englishman found a river, the same  
We call "Hudson," to honor his name.

On the Isle of Manhattan, the Dutchmen built  
The city New Amsterdam, which rapidly filled.  
But the English drove the Dutchmen away,  
And called it "New York," the name of to-day.

William Penn, a good Quaker, had large tracts of land,  
And to poor settlers coming, who could not command  
The price of a farm, he let them live free,  
Until they were able to pay him the fee.

The Indians and white men often fought  
With each other fiercely, for the red men thought  
That the white men treated them unjustly,  
And they revenged themselves always most horribly.

More colonies were founded, and invited to come  
Were the French, Irish, Germans, to find a new home.  
They spread o'er the country, along the sea-coast,  
But many went westward, and many were lost.

And the Indians fought for many long years  
The pale-faced men, without any fears,  
And thought they had much superior strength;  
But the white men defeated them all, at length.

## CHAPTER IV.

## LIFE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS.

WHEN the first white settlers came to this shore  
They left home comforts behind evermore ;  
No houses nor any dwellings they found,  
But lived in holes which they dug in the ground.

But after some time they learned how to build  
Rude cabins of logs, and also they tilled  
And planted a great many acres of land  
With what was needed for their little band.

In a time so full of hard labor and need,  
The settlers had little spare-time indeed ;  
And the children's instruction did not amount  
To more than to read, to write, and to count.

Now, after some years, as life onward flew,  
They had soon forgotten what little they knew ;  
And when some were asked to sign their name,  
But few were able to do the same.

The schools were few and likewise poor,  
And of a fee few teachers were sure ;  
Their work was hard, as it is to-day,  
And none of them ever grew rich from their pay.

There were not many books, and no newspapers, then ;  
Letters were written but seldom, and when  
One was received by somebody there,  
It created excitement around everywhere.

On Sunday morning, the beating of drums  
Called them to church, and they took their guns  
To be ready in case of a sudden surprise  
From the Indians ever ready to rise.

They increased in wealth, and grew more refined  
In their habits and tastes, and left behind  
The simple dwellings where their forefathers bold  
Had lived and died, so the story is told.

Some of the buildings are standing yet,  
Which, if you see, you will never forget ;  
And of the inhabitants, brave and bold,  
Many sad stories are frequently told.

## CHAPTER V.

## COLONIAL WARS.

IN Sixteen Hundred and Eighty-Nine,  
    Broke out "King William's War,"  
For William the Third was, at that time,  
    The King of England's shore.  
The French against the English fought,  
    With bitter, deadly ire ;  
It took nine years until they thought  
    From fighting to retire.

And quiet reigned awhile, with fears,  
    When "Queen Anne's War" began ;  
It lasted nigh eleven years,  
    Though peace was made again.  
But deeds too awful to recite,  
    In these two wars were done,  
For Indians were allowed to fight,  
    And help the white men on.



In Seventeen Hundred and Forty-Four,  
“ King George’s War ” broke out,  
Which made, when four long years were o’er,  
The English “ Triumph ” shout.  
The French had to surrender, and  
New England’s joy was great ;  
And peace, so longed for in the land,  
Was made in Forty-Eight.

’Twas only six years later, when  
The war again broke out.  
George Washington, a young man then  
Of twenty-one about,  
Was sent to lead his soldiers glad  
Against the French again,  
Who on Ohio River had  
A fort they called Duquesne.

The place was strongly fortified,  
So Washington retired.  
But one year later, Braddock tried,  
With soldiers well inspired,

To fight the French, with bravery,  
And take the Fort Duquesne ;  
But being wounded mortally,  
The fight was lost again.

And in the summer of that year  
When Braddock was defeated,  
In Canada's Dominion near,  
Some settlers were ill-treated.  
No sadder story can one read  
Than that which will now follow,  
Though they themselves had sown the seed  
Of all their untold sorrow.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE ACADIANS.

NEW BRUNSWICK and Nova Scotia,  
To Canada belong.  
In a district called "Acadia,"  
French settlers, bold and strong,  
For more than a hundred years  
Had founded a colony there;  
They lived contentedly without fears  
Of the sorrows they had to bear.

But secretly they sided  
With the French, against their foe,  
And, never dreaming, glided  
To a life of greatest woe.  
For resolved were the English Canadians,  
As the best of remedies,  
To scatter the Acadians  
Through the various colonies.

So the babies and women and children  
Were seized and carried away ;  
And none of the men could help them,  
For prisoners themselves were they.  
Their houses were then set burning,  
And made even with the ground ;  
But many, from sorrow and grieving,  
An early grave they found.

And the settlers were carried downward,  
To Louisiana, and some far to the west,  
And some to the east and northward,  
Away from their homes once blessed.  
All over the colonies scattered  
The unhappy settlers were,  
And their sorrows, and home life shattered,  
Caused pity from every one there.

But some of the poor Acadians,  
After wandering for years around,  
With the help of some kind Canadians,  
The way to their homes had found.

And a poet well crowned with glory,  
The dear old Longfellow, strove  
To tell us the sorrowful story  
Of Evangeline's long, true love.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE FALL OF LOUISBURG, FRONTENAC, AND DUQUESNE.

Most all the fighting of that year  
In failure terminated ;  
In all the battles, far and near,  
The English were defeated.  
The statesmen of old England were  
Quite stupid and demented ;  
The way they carried on the war  
Made people discontented.

William Pitt, of England fair,  
Prime Minister became ;  
He soon was very well aware  
Whereon to lay the blame.  
Commanders clever, strong, and bold,  
With greatest care, he chose  
To fight the French and Indians old,  
Their bitter, deadly foes.

In Seventeen Hundred and Fifty-Eight,  
Amherst took Louisburg,  
A stronghold of the French estate,  
A place strong and secure.  
The Englishmen, long years before,  
Had taken it in fight,  
But after Seventeen-Forty-Four,  
Returned it for some right.

Also from Fort Frontenac,  
On Lake Ontario's shore,  
Amherst was sure the English flag  
In triumph would fly o'er.  
And in the ninth month of the year,  
The beautiful September,  
The English joyfully did hear  
Of its complete surrender.

And General Forbes, though sick in bed,  
Went on to Fort Duquesne ;  
His way through unknown forests led,  
By roads cut by his men.

He took the fort, its arms and men,  
And built another near it ;  
Pittsburgh, its name has always been,  
In honor of William Pitt.

At Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain,  
The English ran for their boats ;  
For in trying to take it many were slain,  
For targets were made of red-coats.  
But nothing loath, these soldiers prime  
Were happy, nevertheless,  
And thought that, at another time,  
They would have more success.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE FALL OF QUEBEC AND THE CONQUEST OF CANADA.

A YEAR after that, young Wolfe had appeared  
To take Fort Quebec, which on high rocks was reared ;  
He thought it impossible to capture it ever,  
The more as the fall came with very cold weather.  
Quebec's strong commander, Montcalm, wide awake,  
Was faithful and true, for his dear country's sake ;  
And his horses were ready all day and all night,  
To carry him straight to the place of the fight.

On a cold winter's night, with twenty-four men,  
Wolfe climbed up the rocks, through the bushes, and when  
The dark night again to the morning gave way,  
On " Abraham's Plain " stood in battle array.  
Now this gallant young Wolfe, whom all of his men  
Had followed behind, unknown to him then,  
Had the guard on the fort driven off by his gun,  
As a sign to his soldiers of a battle begun.

Montcalm, with great courage, attacked him right there,  
But his ranks were soon broken in everywhere ;  
For Wolfe his soldiers in person led,  
And the enemy soon in confusion fled.  
Twice wounded by bullets, he fought on, strong willed,  
Till a third shot, well aimed, this brave soldier killed.  
Before he sank down, while the glad shouts increase,  
He cried : “ Be God praised ! I can now die in peace.”

Such were his last words ; but Montcalm, his great foe,  
Being mortally wounded, was also laid low.  
To his sorrowful soldiers who held up his head,  
With his parched and dry lips, these words he had said :  
“ I am happy to die, before I can see  
Quebec’s calm surrender to my enemy.”  
So Montcalm and Wolfe, though enemies then,  
Had each served their country, as brave and good men.

Canada’s conquest was then soon completed,  
And Montreal’s capture with wild joy was greeted ;  
And in Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-Three,  
Both England and France were obliged to agree

That all French possessions which were on the east  
Of the long Mississippi, except though at least  
New Orleans and some land surrounding it there,  
Should fall to the English as their proper share.

Then the joy in the colonies knew no bound  
When the news of the treaty was spreading around;  
For seventy-five years, these horrible wars  
On the unhappy country had left their deep scars.  
For the French and the Indians had sided against  
The Englishmen in their poor settlements;  
But the latter were always hated by them,  
For they tried to worry and fight them again.

An Indian chief who was named Pontiac,  
In the year of the peace, had made an attack  
On some forts conducted by Englishmen,  
And slaughtered most cruelly all of them;  
Of the frontier settlers, encamped about there,  
Many were slain, without pity or care;  
And the horrible Indians, but lately subdued,  
Seemed lurking around, with no fears imbued.

So the English saw the necessity  
Of attacking their enemy suddenly ;  
Five hundred brave men made a strong little band  
Under General Bouquet's skilful command,  
Were sent to the Indian country, where  
Some desperate fighting soon caused a great scare.  
The red men were slain, with a great loss of men ;  
" Bushy Run " is the name they gave the place then.

Pontiac's War, which had started so fast,  
Of the four colonial wars was the last ;  
The Indians, for some time, dared not again  
Enter in war with these strong white men ;  
But already there was a feeling in some,  
That a better government was sure to come.  
But a few years later, war broke out again,  
And England's fine plans received a black stain.

## CHAPTER IX.

## CAUSES OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE English of old England thought  
To add to their dominions  
The colonies, for which they fought  
The French and cruel Indians.  
But had they been a little kind  
To that young struggling nation,  
Who knows, they never in their mind  
Would have thought of separation.

But very unjust laws were made—  
Too unjust to obey ;  
The colonists were forced to trade  
With England, at poor pay.  
And smuggling all along the coast  
Was thought but well and right ;  
And many a one was proud to boast  
Of what he did by sleight.

The "Stamp Act " was another law  
Received with great vexation ;  
The colonists now plainly saw  
The greed of England's nation ;  
For every bill and lease and note,  
They had to use stamped paper,  
And all their documents they wrote  
On it for twelve months later.

But it was sold at such a price,  
By officers appointed,  
That it should bring an income nice  
To English kings anointed.  
This caused a deal of discontent  
And angry disputation,  
Until the colonies were bent  
Upon a separation.

The "Stamp Act " was repealed, at last,  
Though other ways of barter  
The English found, and very fast  
Their soldiers sent for quarter.

The colonists were meant to pay  
Them for this unjust dealing,  
But they refused it, saying "Nay,"  
Which caused much angry feeling.

And many other things were taxed—  
Cloth and tea and household kit;  
The colonists so angry waxed  
That they no more would bear it;  
This state of things, and come what may,  
Refuse the goods, they had to pay,  
And live on what they made alone,  
On their own farms and city home.

The tax was taken off again  
From everything but tea;  
And though the price was lower then,  
The colonists, with glee,  
Refused to buy, and back they sent  
It to the English Government.  
And worse to do they did agree,  
As you and I shall quickly see.

At Boston, fifty men, disguised  
As Mohawk Indians, went  
On board a ship, and soon capsized  
All tea from England sent  
Into the sea, and joyfully  
Went back to home again.  
'Twas called the "Boston Tea-Party,"  
A name much laughed at then.

But when this news to England came,  
Boston was to be punished;  
Its port was closed until the same  
Should pay for the tea damaged.  
And Boston's people were indeed  
In sore and great distress,  
But were helped, in their sore need,  
By kind friends, nevertheless.

And more and more their feeling rose  
Against the English nation,  
Until they brought it to a close  
By formal separation.



And meanwhile all the people did  
Get ready for the fight,  
Which was to come, no doubt of it,  
To give them back their right.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION, AND THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE British were commanded,  
At Boston, by General Gage,  
Who tried, but quickly abandoned,  
The rebellion to assuage.

He sent some troops, at midnight,  
From Boston to Concord, where  
He bade them destroy, ere daylight,  
The army stores out there.

The Americans had a body  
Of soldiers, called "Minute Men"—  
So named because they were ready  
To be called at the minute; and when  
At Lexington, in a skirmish,  
The English killed eight of these men,  
Their comrades soon caused the poor British  
To look for some shelter again.

For the Minute Men were swarming  
    'Round them, like maddened bees,  
And attacked them without any warning,  
    From rocks and fences and trees.  
To Lexington, the British retreated,  
    In a state of exhaustion, and when  
Their dead and disabled were counted,  
    They numbered some three hundred men.

The Americans were proud and merry  
    After the Lexington fight,  
And messengers rode to carry  
    The news of the victory bright,  
All over New England counties,  
    And the Middle and Southern States;  
Then, thanking God for His bounties,  
    Collected for further debates.

And "Bunker Hill" next was to follow  
    In the line of battles well fought,  
Though, to the Americans' sorrow,  
    No decided victory brought.

And still they use it to mention  
A battle which was not defeat,  
For the want of more ammunition  
Compelled them at last to retreat.

Meanwhile the soldiers expected  
A leader of the new army ;  
George Washington was then elected,  
For his unquestioned bravery.  
He had gained a great reputation,  
In all the fierce wars of the time ;  
He loved his own adored nation ;  
Against duties he did not repine.

He brought his irregular army  
To a state of orderly life,  
And took the command in the balmy  
July, Seventeen-Seventy-Five.  
He besieged the British at Boston,  
And fortified Dorchester Heights,  
And forced them soon to abandon  
The city, so damaged by fights.

It was only a few months later,

When the "Declaration of Independence" was signed,  
And every one thanked his Creator,

With feelings both solemn and kind.

And America's children will honor,

As a day of great happiness,

The "Fourth of July" in its splendor,

Which commemorates their success.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON, AND THE CAPTURE OF BURGOYNE'S ARMY.

THE people so overcome with joy,  
Being short of bullets, went out to destroy  
The leaden statue of King George the Third,  
An action to which they, by want, were urged ;  
And the lead of it then into bullets they run  
To serve in the war, which indeed had begun.

The Americans' joy soon ended in fear,  
For a battle was fought on Long Island, near  
The city of Brooklyn, in which they were slain  
By the British, and lost a great many men ;  
So Washington quickly withdrew from Long Island,  
Leaving the whole in his enemy's hand.

And also New York was obliged to surrender  
Before the end of the month of September.

The British soon captured Fort Washington,  
With two thousand Americans, and thereupon  
General Washington was obliged to beat,  
'Cross Jersey to Penn., a careful retreat.

The American cause seemed ruined indeed,  
And of some success they were sorely in need.  
So Washington, being a clever, strong man,  
Had made up his mind to attack them again.  
At Trenton, some German soldiers there were,  
Whom the English had hired and stationed there.

Washington, planning a sudden surprise,  
Crossed the Delaware, then full of ice ;  
'Twas on Christmas night, awful and cold,  
When he rowed o'er the river with soldiers bold ;  
And at Trenton he fell on the sleeping men,  
And captured a thousand prisoners, then.

At Princeton again he made an attack  
On the British, and forced them to quickly fall back ;  
He took this place, on that lucky day,  
And his enemy scattered in wild dismay.

And most of New Jersey was then once again  
In the hands of the free American men.

But after that time, they lost again  
Two more battles 'gainst the Englishmen ;  
The first was that of the " Brandywine,"  
Where the British broke the Americans' line ;  
In Seventy-seven, on the eleventh day  
Of September, they flew from the fatal fray.

The next was that of Germantown,  
Where the poor Americans again lost renown.  
The British had taken Philadelphia, and  
Had a great many soldiers at their command.  
On the fourth of October, the self-same year,  
The Americans lost, which filled them with fear.

And General Burgoyne, who had now come forth  
From the region of Canada, far in the North,  
Was a good strong soldier, afraid of naught,  
And for the good of his country earnestly fought ;  
But his army was beaten at " Bemis's Heights,"  
By the Americans, after a hard long fight.



In Seventy-Seven, sixteenth of October,  
He surrendered his army and himself moreover.  
This victory delivered the American cause  
From the greatest peril, and allowed them to pause  
For a short time from fight, and without alloy  
They gave themselves up to a heartfelt joy.

## CHAPTER XII.

## SAD TIMES OF THE FIRST REVOLUTION.

BUT soon the icy cold north winds blew,  
Which made Washington troubled, for well he knew  
That there was no money wherewith to buy  
The necessities for his army's supply ;  
And Valley Forge, where his quarters then were,  
Was so bleak and cold for the army there.

Some of the soldiers sat up through the night  
To enjoy the fire, the warmth, and the light,  
For they had no blankets to keep them warm,  
No shoes on their feet to shield them from harm ;  
And when they walked, often was found  
Blood in their tracks on the frozen ground.

Valley Forge, during winter, was frightfully sad,  
The poor soldiers suffered in quarters so bad ;

And their sufferings as well as their bravery  
Excited in Europe much sympathy.  
And France was then thinking of entering in  
An alliance with these bold, brave men.

A treaty of union which bore the date  
January thirtieth, Seventy-Eight,  
Was signed by France and America,  
Which made the poor soldiers shout and hurrah ;  
And of this alliance, which appeased quite their fear,  
Was the recovery of Philadelphia dear.

Now Sir Henry Clinton, succeeding Howe,  
Was afraid that the French might blockade now  
The Delaware River, and keep within  
Philadelphia city his soldiers and him,  
Rushed to New York, and on his way  
Was pursued by Washington's bold army.

And the battle of Monmouth, in New Jersey state,  
Was fought June the eighteenth, Seventy-Eight,  
The Americans partially gained the fight,  
The foe retreating under cover of night.

And the British grew tired of fighting henceforth  
The determined, courageous, bold men from the North.

But down in the South, the English fought  
With better success, for rightly they thought  
That, where many more slaves than freemen were,  
'Twould be easy to beat the Americans there.  
So Savannah was taken in Seventy-Eight,  
And Georgia England did subjugate.

In the following year, an attempt was made  
To retake Savannah, with the French fleet's aid ;  
But it failed, and moreover the British won,  
After a siege, the city Charleston.  
'Twas in Seventeen-Eighty, the month of May,  
When the city surrendered in great dismay.

In South Carolina, at Camden you see,  
Cornwallis beat Gates, filling England with glee ;  
Gates' army was routed, it had to disperse,  
Though brave were the men, but fortune adverse ;  
And still the British could not again  
Boast of success 'gainst these freemen.

From joining the army a good many shrank,  
As they had little pay, and the food was rank ;  
They refused, by the English, to be subdued,  
And preferred their sad life, minus clothing and food.  
They lurked in the forests and swamps around,  
And fell on the English where'er they were found.

In this noble strife for independence, occurred  
Something which had better never been heard ;  
An American soldier, Benedict Arnold by name,  
Betrayed his own country, to his undying shame.  
Of West Point, on Hudson, he had the command,  
Which he tried, for some money, to sell to England.

To him was soon sent young Major André,  
An officer from the British army,  
Who arranged with Arnold, and received from him  
The plans of the fortress and the strength within ;  
But whilst trying to reach New York, André  
Was captured by three men, while on his way.

And kingly rewards he offered in vain,  
But nothing would bribe these honest freemen.

They took him and his papers to an officer near by,  
And André was tried and hung as a spy ;  
But the scoundrel Arnold had time to scrape  
Up his ill-gotten money and make his escape.

In Seventeen Hundred and Eighty-One,  
The Americans' hopes to rise had begun.  
General Greene had then taken command  
In the South with a strong, experienced hand ;  
Had improved the ruined army there,  
With new recruits coming from everywhere.

The Americans fighting with great bravery,  
At the battle of Cowpens, in January,  
In the year Seventeen Hundred and Eighty-One,  
Defeated the British under Tarleton ;  
And Greene, with his skilful and soldierly wiles  
Fell back in Virginia, some two hundred miles.

But Cornwallis followed with all of his men,  
And at Hillsboro' Greene turned south again,  
And avoided a battle, until at length  
His army had gathered sufficient strength.

Though at Guilford Court House, Cornwallis' army  
Drove back the Americans, at close of day.

But his army was shattered, and he hastened to beat  
Down the sea-coast a hasty retreat,  
Leaving the wounded and dead in the hands  
Of the hotly pursuing Americans ;  
Greensboro' was the name of that scene,  
So named in honor of General Greene.

Cornwallis, the ablest commander then  
The English could boast of among their men,  
With the Americans many a hard battle fought,  
Until Washington, marching southward, thought  
To besiege him in Yorktown, Virginia,  
The oldest colony in all America.

And in Seventeen Hundred and Eighty-One,  
The eighteenth of October had not quite gone,  
To Washington on that eventful day,  
Cornwallis surrendered his sword and army.  
The close of the war was now near at hand,  
For peace was hoped for throughout the whole land.

And all were tired of fighting and war,  
But chiefly the people in England afar.  
So on terms of peace, which were indeed  
Agreeable to all, they at length agreed ;  
And England promised that never again  
Would she enter in war with American men.

Washington, the idol of his people free,  
Resigned the command in Eighty-Three.  
A tender farewell he bade to his troops,  
Standing in silent and sorrowful groups.  
To Mount Vernon he went, to his home so dear,  
To be a good citizen henceforth, without fear.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE NEW REPUBLIC.

SEVERAL years had now passed away  
O'er the head of this new-born nation ;  
The people were again enjoying their liberty,  
But surely needed more consolidation ;  
And their eyes turned toward George Washington,  
Their nation's most beloved idol,  
And elected him President Number One  
Of the Republic, without a rival.

In Seventeen Hundred and Eighty-Nine,  
On the thirtieth day of the month of April,  
He was inaugurated, and served his time  
And his country with love and abundance of skill.  
And John Adams was chosen the Vice-President,  
And became President, after eight years,  
When Washington retired from the government,  
Bidding farewell to his people with tears.

Philadelphia, in Seventeen Ninety-One,  
Was the capital of the country ;  
In New York it was first, but later on  
Was to Washington moved, in splendor and beauty.  
And in Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-Two  
Washington was then reelected.  
For the people loved this President true,  
Who never his duty neglected.

But during his time, the Indians bold  
A merciless war began,  
In the little State of Kentucky old,  
With a horrible slaughter of men.  
For the women and children so unfortunate,  
Neither pity nor shelter was found ;  
And a horrible name was given this State—  
“The dark and the bloody ground.”

General Harmer was sent, before very long,  
Against these Indians to fight ;  
But Little Turtle, an Indian strong,  
Killed the soldiers and put them to flight.

So St. Clair was despatched, in the following year,  
To subdue these cruel men ;  
But Little Turtle, in Indian gear,  
Routed and ruined his army again.

Washington was greatly distressed indeed  
When this horrible news was told.  
Of a fearless commander, he saw the great need,  
So he sent General Wayne, who was fearless and bold ;  
His prudence and undaunted courage were such  
That "Mad Anthony Wayne" he was frequently called.  
The Indians were soon shrinking back from his touch,  
And named him "Black Snake," meaning something that  
crawled.

In Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-Four,  
On the banks of the river Maumee,  
He defeated the Indians, and brought once more  
Quiet and peace to the country ; and he  
Was much feared by the Indians, who,  
Besides the name "Black Snake that creeps,"  
Gave him another, a finer one too :  
They called him "White Chief who never once sleeps."

In Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-Nine,  
On the fourteenth of December, that most kind and bold  
Father of Liberty, scarce past his prime,  
Died calmly and peacefully, six and sixty years old.  
For eight years he had been a true President,  
And could have received the honor again,  
But declined ; and at Mount Vernon he spent  
The rest of his life, the most happy of men.

He had been of the Army Commander-in-Chief ;  
Admiral of the Navy he was later on.  
The entire young country was plunged deep in grief  
When the news of his death was known ;  
And his kindness will never, in all later dates,  
Be forgotten, as shown each year on his birthday,  
Which is set all over the United States  
For a great celebration and a grand holiday.

Now John Adams, who had been Vice-President  
During Washington's administration,  
Was given the reins of the Government,  
Which he kept well in hand for four years' duration.

And much of his time was then occupied  
With the quarrelling French fighting in their own land,  
Who after the horrors of their civil war's tide  
Were held firm in check by Napoleon's hand.

But Adams avoided a new war with care,  
For his country demanded his constant attention ;  
She was still weak and feeble, and could not bear  
To be torn again by another dissension.  
So the country prospered and grew in strength,  
Though of many things she was sadly in lack.  
Washington was made the capital, at length,  
On the banks of the river Potomac.

In the very first year of the new century  
Thomas Jefferson was elected  
Third President of the Republic to be,  
Which was everywhere now respected.  
And during his term the States were at peace  
With all of the foreign nations ;  
American commerce began to increase,  
For wise were his administrations.

But during his time a long war ensued  
Between old England and France ;  
And on this occasion the English engaged,  
With a great deal of arrogance,  
Every man who was in Great Britain born,  
Though serving for many years past  
On American ships, as one of their own,  
To do duty before the mast.

Now from the English Government  
Was permission to officers given,  
To exercise their own judgment  
As to whether a man was a Briton.  
Thousands were taken from American ships,  
Which were stopped and searched on the ocean ;  
Their sailors were forced into English service,  
Where they served full of wrathful emotion.

But England was powerful on the sea,  
And small the American navy ;  
And during the wars in Europe, the free  
Little Union went on very bravely.

But England forbade the American trade  
With all of the France-liking countries,  
Whilst Bonaparte issued some orders which made  
It impossible to suit English fancies.

These decrees, which were issued from England and France  
Directly one after the other,  
Became so severe that it was a mere chance  
If a ship could arrive without bother.  
England at sea was the strongest by far,  
And her ships sailing everywhere 'round,  
Did greater harm than France in this war,  
For they stopped every ship that they found.

Had America then been as strong as to-day,  
She would not have borne such an outrage ;  
What the end would be no one could say,  
For the problem was most hard to manage.  
How to pay the debt of his dear country  
President Jefferson was anxiously wondering ;  
And to avoid a war with his old enemy  
Was his thought in the night and the morning.

The President thought that forbidding trade  
With any foreign nations  
Might force the repeal of the laws they had made,  
Not thinking of the terminations.  
So an act was passed, in words most short,  
Which stated that from a certain date  
No vessel should leave an American port  
To trade with a foreign state.

It destroyed the American commerce the more  
In keeping others from coming in ;  
While ships could not leave the American shore,  
England rejoiced in the interim.  
This act was called the "Terrapin Policy,"  
For it was like a terrapin drawing its head  
Into its shell when uneasy,  
Not daring to fight instead.

The Americans suffered greatly indeed  
From the passing of that poor act ;  
Their commerce, of which they were in great need,  
Was ruined, and sad was that fact.



In the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Nine,  
After fourteen long months' duration,  
The act was repealed, but at that very time  
Other troubles disturbed the poor nation.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND.

JAMES MADISON, in Eighteen Hundred and Eight,  
Fourth President was elected ;  
And three years later, the slumbering hate  
Against England was resurrected.  
An Indian war broke out again,  
And everywhere it was told  
That secretly siding with the red-faced men  
Were the English again as of old.

The Indians were at that time controlled  
By Tecumseh, the great Shawnee chief,  
Whose brother, 'twas said, a prophet old,  
Could foretell success or grief.  
General Harrison fought, at Tippecanoe,  
A battle with these red men ;  
He drove them away, and they could not renew  
For some time their warfare again.

Eighteen Hundred and Twelve, in the month of June,  
Against England war was declared ;  
And so preparations were made very soon,  
For Canada to enter, they dared.  
But the war was begun too hastily,  
And nothing but disaster they met,  
While the Englishmen, most carefully,  
Kept away from their enemy's net.

Fort Mackinaw, an island small  
Between Lakes Michigan and Huron,  
Was captured then, before the call  
Of war warned the soldiers thereon.  
The hostile Indians, free from restraint,  
Were helping the Englishmen,  
Who accepted their help without constraint,  
To fight the Americans again.

General Hull, who to Canada had been sent  
To invade it by way of Detroit,  
Had become an old man, indifferent,  
And no longer brave nor adroit.

When attacked by the English and Indians there,  
He surrendered his post and his trust,  
To the grief of his troops, and everywhere  
Excited indignation and disgust.

The start of this war was without success,  
For the officers were mostly old ;  
The soldiers were often in great distress  
For the want of a leader bold.  
And the country from ruin was only saved  
By the triumphs of its navy,  
Which, small as it was, with courage behaved,  
And beat the Englishmen bravely.

The English frigate "Guerriere" fought  
The American "Constitution ;"  
The capture of this, the Americans thought  
To their triumphs a contribution.  
And shortly after, the sloop-of-war  
Called the "Wasp" gained victory o'er the "Frolic."  
The success of the American navy, so far,  
Caused delight throughout the Republic.

Two more men-of-war the Americans caught  
Before the end of the year ;  
And, though the English courageously fought,  
They were filled with wonder and fear.  
The two ships they lost were fine ones indeed,  
Their names " Macedonia " and " Java ; "  
The American ships which had done the deed  
Were " United States " and " Constitution."

More victories they won, but here and there  
Was a failure, but American prowess  
Excited admiration from everywhere  
For their sailors courageous and dauntless.  
The adventurous character of American life  
Had developed a spirit of braving  
Almost any danger, in this naval strife,  
With courage undaunted and daring.

The ship " Chesapeake " was losing though  
To the English " Shannon " in fighting ;  
Captain Lawrence, wounded, when carried below  
Said, as his eyes once more were brightening :

“Don’t give up the ship !” These words became  
A battle cry in the navy ;  
And Perry hung up for his signal the same  
In the battle fought on Lake Erie.

That battle was fought with bravery.  
Commodore Perry, knowing no fear,  
When his ship was disabled by the enemy,  
Entered another small boat that was near,  
And sailing down through the British line,  
He forced them soon to surrender ;  
And, after a hard and fatiguing time,  
Of their fleet he was the commander.

Though inferior in strength, the Americans gained  
In the naval fight with their enemy.  
All the exploits to mention, and the dangers braved,  
Would make this story too lengthy.  
But they gained it with honor, brave fighters they were,  
Exciting great admiration  
From their numerous friends, who had taken a share  
In the fight of that young, free nation.

And meanwhile on land the fighting went on  
'Gainst English and Indians together ;  
And sometimes they lost, and sometimes they won,  
But oftener the latter, however.  
The loss of a battle was often the fault  
Of an old, incompetent leader,  
Whose strength was not equal to his foes' assault  
Caring little for his country either.

General Winchester, also a veteran,  
Was appointed to succeed General Hull.  
But the Kentuckians preferred to him Harrison,  
A leader by no means dull.  
He was the hero of Tippecanoe,  
Under him they were willing to serve ;  
He was a brave, strong man, and a clever one, too,  
Who from his duty never would swerve.

And Winchester, commanding a little army,  
Met defeat on the river Raisin ;  
He surrendered his troops without much parley  
To Proctor, a man of no feeling.

The wounded Americans on that day of shame  
Were massacred by the Indians,  
And the war-cry of the West became,  
“Remember the river Raisin.”

One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fourteen, in spring,  
The inhuman General Proctor  
And Tecumseh the chief were endeavoring,  
With his Indians, Fort Meigs to capture ;  
But Harrison, with his soldiers, contrived  
To thwart to what he aspired.  
And when reënforcements, after some time, arrived,  
Proctor gave up in disgust and retired.

The victory of Perry on Lake Erie  
Helped Harrison in pursuing  
His enemy Proctor and his ally,  
And a battle was soon ensuing.  
Tecumseh was killed, and Proctor, afraid  
Of the Americans victorious and angry,  
Ran away in a carriage, for he had made  
Himself detested all over the country.



After many more battles of varied success,

The English were finally beaten.

The Americans triumphed o'er war's wretchedness,

Which the news of peace could scarce sweeten.

And still it was hailed with the greatest delight,

And never again on the ocean,

Were their ships stopped and searched, and their men made  
to fight

In the wars of a foreign nation.

## CHAPTER XV.

## MONROE TO VAN BUREN.

THE Republic expanded under Monroe,  
Who had as a soldier dealt many a blow.  
He was chosen fifth President, in Eighteen-Sixteen,  
A man of good temper and insight so keen.  
He was very well liked, and of him it is told  
That for eight long years his administration was called  
“The age of good feeling,” and when four years had gone,  
He was once more elected, with opposition from none.  
He resigned his command, in the year Twenty-Five,  
To John Quincy Adams, a man full of life,  
And honest and faithful, but distant and cold,  
Who made but few friends though he grew very old.  
In Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-Eight,  
Andrew Jackson, after a short debate,  
Was made seventh President, and without fears  
Held his office with honor for a term of eight years.

He was self-willed and hasty, though honest and true ;  
He turned out of office, with little ado,  
Any one who opposed him, and it is said  
He appointed a friend of his own instead.

Martin Van Buren, in Thirty-Six,  
Followed Jackson's strange politics,  
Though in a gentler way ; but in Eighteen-Forty,  
Was not reëlected by the former party.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## INVENTIONS.

IN Eighteen Hundred, there began a great change  
In the modes of travel which to us now seem strange;  
On horseback, men rode day after day,  
To complete a short journey, as now we would say.

They rode in poor wagons o'er rough and poor roads,  
And pack-horses were used to carry great loads;  
In the rivers, the boats which plied up and down  
Carried freight and passengers from town to town.

Robert Fulton, an American, without any guide,  
Built the first steamboat, which every one eyed  
With great admiration, and she plied between  
New York and Albany on the Hudson stream.

And now they connected, for their country's sake,  
With the Hudson River, a beautiful lake ;  
The great canal running to Lake Erie  
Was the first one made in this wide country.

But the greatest change of all was made  
In the railroad, improving greatly the trade ;  
It came from England, but at first the cars  
Were drawn by horses across iron bars.

The Electric Telegraph, a conception grand,  
Was the invention of an American man.  
S. F. B. Morse is the world-renowned name  
Of the one who here first introduced the same.

The wonderful Phonograph and Telephone  
Were invented by T. Alva Edison,  
Another American, who worked night and day  
To overcome the difficulties in his way.

Long before Eighteen Hundred, Benjamin Franklin again  
Invented the Lightning Rod, and when  
Lightning flashes and the thunder roars,  
None need be frightened behind his doors.

And though the country is larger to-day,  
Intelligence moves quicker than formerly ;  
Electricity and Steam have seen a great change,  
And there will yet come something more strange.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE MEXICAN WAR.

IN Eighteen-Forty the people elected  
Harrison President, though no one expected  
That one month later he would be dead ;  
It created great sorrow when the news was read.

John Tyler, the Vice-President, did succeed ;  
He served his term with small honors indeed.  
His administration was passed in dissension and strife  
With the party electing him, which was not right.

James Polk, not mentioned here before,  
Became President in Forty-Four ;  
And during his term a war was fought  
Which to this poor country only misery brought.

In Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Five  
Texas was admitted, after some strife,  
Into the Union, and her laws were made  
For the keeping of slaves for the planters' aid.

Mexico, to which Texas had once belonged,  
Felt herself injured and also wronged ;  
And other grounds for quarrels there were,  
For Americans had been robbed out there.

The United States supported the claim,  
The boundary a river, Rio Grande by name ;  
While the Mexicans would not allow them more  
Than that of the Nueces River shore.

In Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Six,  
General Taylor occupied these disputed districts.  
The Mexicans soon attacked his men,  
And in this way the war began.

With a force much inferior, brave Taylor fought,  
Winning the battle of " Palo Alto," and brought  
Defeat to the Mexicans, and also disgrace,  
At " Resaca de la Palma," a fortified place.

On the twenty-fourth day of the month of September  
Monterey city was forced to surrender ;  
It was defended by ten thousand strong,  
But these were defeated before very long.



Taylor would go further inland, but  
Received orders to help brave General Scott,  
Who was about to command a new campaign,  
At a place on the coast, "Vera Cruz" by name.

Thus weakened, General Taylor took  
A position at "Buena Vista" (good outlook).  
He was attacked by twenty thousand men,  
But defeated them all after hard fighting again.

The Mexicans, though losing, were unwilling to cease  
Their hostilities, and refused offers of peace.  
But the Americans were eager for much more land,  
And the Union very soon began to expand.

In August, Forty-Six, with little ado,  
New Mexico and Upper California, too,  
Were surrendering to the United States  
Their countries, after some short debates.

In Northern Mexico the position was grave,  
For the victories of General Taylor the brave  
Only wounded the pride of the enemy there,  
But did not subdue them everywhere.

So it was resolved to land some troops  
At the place once mentioned, Vera Cruz.  
It was the idea in taking that place  
To force the Mexicans to beg for grace.

General Scott was now the Commander-in-Chief,  
And took charge of the troops, with the strongest belief,  
That soon he'd be able, with an army so true,  
To besiege the city and capture it, too.

On the ninth of March he landed there,  
And besieged it immediately everywhere.  
The city surrendered, and he entered the same,  
While the Mexicans shouted with anger and shame.

Marching to the interior, General Scott  
Found Santa Anna at a fortified spot;  
And a battle was fought at "Cerro Gordo,"  
The Mexicans were whipped 'mid a great deal of woe.

Arrived in the region of the capital,  
Scott fought as a great strong general;  
On August the twentieth, while on his way,  
He won two battles in one hot day.

And again the Mexicans suffered defeat  
At "Molino del Rey," and had to retreat.  
On September thirteenth the American men  
Carried the fortress "Chapultepec" then.

At the same time, the City of Mexico  
Was attacked, and had soon to submit to its foe;  
And soon this place, well fortified,  
By Scott and his army was then occupied.

February, One Thousand and Forty-Eight,  
A peace was signed, though very late,  
For the Mexicans were proud and very loth  
To sign a treaty with their enemy wroth.

And when the war at last expired,  
The land from Mexico thus acquired  
Was larger than the States, by far,  
At the close of the Revolutionary war.

Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, and Utah,  
Part of California, Texas, Nevada,  
All were included in the United States,  
After fighting and war and long debates.

People have always differently thought  
About why this Mexican war was fought.  
It cost the lives of thousands of men,  
And brought misery to many homes again.

But war again was soon to send  
More sorrow to this most beautiful land.  
The North and the South, at peace thus far,  
Were soon engaged in a horrible war.

In Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Eight,  
The hero of many battles of late,  
Zachary Taylor, the General bold,  
Was made twelfth President, though rather old.

He had served of his term just one-third,  
When something very sad occurred.  
General Taylor died, a soldier fine,  
And succeeded by Fillmore, at that time.

Now while the country thus was sad,  
An event took place which was not bad :  
In California much gold was found,  
And many there were who rejoiced at its sound.

A great rush of people to this place set in,  
And many a one left his home and his kin ;  
They sailed, not minding the cold or the storm,  
To the land of the gold, around Cape Horn.

And many a one was robbed and slain,  
And never returned to his home again ;  
From excitement and fear, a great many died,  
But many grew rich and were so satisfied.

Meanwhile the slavery question arose,  
For the North had offered a shelter to those  
Of the slaves who had been running away  
From their masters' hard work and cruelty.

The Southern States complained of this,  
And found it very much amiss,  
Demanding, without alternative,  
The return of every fugitive.

At that time a book created sensation  
In the homes of many of this great nation.  
" Uncle Tom's Cabin " was the name of it,  
And to runaway slaves it brought some benefit.

It was written to excite some sympathy  
For slaves, and their life of drudgery.  
And the sale of the book was said to be sure  
The greatest in the history of literature.

The South was equally discontent,  
For it soon became quite evident  
That the feeling of anger and hate between  
The North and the South grew very keen.

In Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Two,  
Frank Pierce of Hampshire, a brave man too,  
Became President of this Union so fair,  
And served his term with an honest care.

Buchanan, in Fifty-Six, was elected  
Fifteénth President of the Republic respected.  
And during his term, the slave agitation  
Was the topic of every one's conversation.

The excitement over this subject had  
Divided the country into two parties mad  
At each other's deeds, and it was clear  
That a horrible war was indeed very near.

At that wild, agitated time,  
John Brown, in Eighteen Fifty-Nine,  
Seized the armory at Harper's Ferry,  
To free the slaves from their misery.

But as he had but eighteen men,  
He was soon overcome and beaten again.  
He was court-martialled and hung, but it did great harm,  
For it spread through the South the greatest alarm.

The year Eighteen Hundred and Sixty came,  
And Abraham Lincoln, unhappy man,  
Was elected to the government  
Of the United States as its President.

And now we have come to the point, at last,  
When the unhappy country was overcast  
By the clouds of a long and terrible war  
Between the North and the South, having been friends thus far.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE CIVIL WAR.

THE North and the South for quite some time had

On a great many points disagreed ;  
To break up the Union seemed indeed very sad,  
Though the South contemplated the deed.  
In South Carolina and rich Florida,  
There were held long and bitter debates,  
As in Georgia, Texas, and Alabama,  
About dissolving the Union of States.

'Twas indeed very sad, this kind of life,  
And many ones far in the North  
Sympathized with the South, but discontentment and strife  
Were coming from everywhere forth.  
By a compromise, some people thought they could shield  
The South, but the time had gone by,  
And in deadly strife on the battlefield,  
The dispute to settle they'd try.



In startling confusion was now everything.

In Sixty-One, that awful winter,  
A most terrible storm was brewing,  
The force of which none could hinder.  
The President did not believe it was right  
For the Union to be so divided,  
As he foresaw the fearful and bloody strife  
Were the South from seceding prevented.

A convention was held, on the fourth of February,  
Of all the seceded States ;  
Representatives met at Montgomery,  
And proceeded at once, after short debates,  
To form an entire new government,  
Which they named the "Confederation."  
Jefferson Davis was made President,  
A man of good education.

On the fourth day of March in the year Sixty-One,  
Lincoln was inaugurated,  
And orders to strengthen the garrison  
At Fort Sumter were now awaited.

But the ships by a storm were detained outside,  
And the Confederates opened a fire,  
To which Fort Sumter straightway replied,  
And great was their mutual ire.

For thirty-six hours they bombarded thus,  
Setting fire to the wood of the fort ;  
And after that time they began to discuss  
Terms of peace which were quite short.  
Major Anderson agreed to evacuate,  
For his provisions were nearly gone,  
But it was the wile of a curious fate  
That to no one was any harm done.

But it made quite a change, and it was so to be  
That most every doubt had ceased on each side ;  
Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee,  
And Arkansas were forced to decide  
To which party they were to join henceforth,  
So they chose the Confederation ;  
On the other hand, the men from the North  
Were of one mind throughout the nation.

All were now wild with excitement ;  
Small quarrels were too forgotten so far  
That it was not for Congress nor President  
To decide for peace or for war.  
The war burst forth without restraint  
From the pent-up feelings of the Nation ;  
And to an entreaty from the President,  
A hundred thousand enlisted with animation.

Trains loaded with brave volunteers began  
To move towards, and rapidly enter,  
The beautiful city of Washington,  
Which was of the North then the centre.  
But the South's enthusiasm was equally strong,  
As thousands of men had entered the army.  
The great Civil War had now burst upon  
The country, in its terrible fury.

The Southerners were truly more military  
Than the Northern Americans,  
For a life in the saddle they led naturally  
On their plantations of large expanse.

Many Northerners had first to learn  
How to load and fire off a gun,  
When they had already gone to earn  
Their laurels in the war begun.

But again the North had advantages great,  
Like money for purchasing arms,  
And ships, and clothing, to accommodate  
The men who came in swarms.  
The advantage in number which the North thus had  
Helped them on, as they had found ;  
But the South had another advantage to add—  
The defence of her own homes and ground.

The sympathy in the border States  
Was indeed very much divided ;  
But the coming of soldiers at such great rates  
Had very quickly decided,  
And prevented Kentucky and Maryland  
And Missouri from seceding ;  
West Virginia, on the other hand,  
Old Virginia no longer was heeding.

The failure the borderland to secure  
Was a loss to the South indeed,  
For this was the land wherewith to insure  
Plenty of corn the armies to feed.  
And the large, fine rivers she also lost,  
The Ohio and the Potomac.  
This line of defense from which they hoped most  
Favored the North in her later attack.

The war began with some battles small,  
The seizure of navy yards and ports ;  
A few skirmishes in some parts was all,  
And the taking of minor forts.  
The Southerners at the beginning of war,  
From Montgomery in Alabama,  
Had moved their capital regular  
To Richmond in Virginia.

Beginning in July, Sixty-One,  
General McDowell moved towards this city,  
And a battle was fought at a place called " Bull Run,"  
Where the soldiers felt neither fear nor pity.

Generals Johnston and Beauregard

The Southern army were leading ;  
The Northern soldiers were soon driven far  
From the field, and were quickly receding.

The next movement, and one of the best,  
After "Bull Run," was the campaign  
That broke the Confederate line at the West,  
And gave the Mississippi main,  
Above Vicksburg, to the sole control  
Of the Federal Government ;  
And a good strong leader, esteemed by all,  
Came forward, Ulysses S. Grant.

In coöperation with Commodore Foote,  
Grant moved against Fort Henry,  
And both these generals, to the country's boot,  
Took it in February, bravely.  
After some time they took Fort Donelson,  
After a battle stubborn and long,  
The Union lost twenty-three thousand men,  
But made fifteen thousand prisoners strong.

General Pope took Island Number Ten

From the Confederates, after hard fighting,  
And made seven thousand prisoners then,  
Which caused a deal of rejoicing.

The object in taking this militant

Station was to control the Mississippi,  
For the same purpose the force under Grant  
Pushed up the Tennessee.

The Union army under General Grant,

Near Corinth, at Pittsburg Landing,  
Had gathered together their forces not scant,  
And a battle they were demanding.

April sixth, Eighteen Sixty-Two,

On a peaceful Sunday morning,  
Began the fearful battle of "Shiloh,"  
And the soldiers all fear were scorning.

Johnston made such a furious attack

On the soldiers of General Grant,  
That they were surprised and driven back  
By these Southerners militant.

But Albert Sidney Johnston was  
On that morning killed ;  
And many mourned for dear ones,  
As a great deal of blood was spilled.

The second day's fighting was also severe,  
And the Confederates, under Beauregard,  
Retired from battle with feelings of fear ;  
'Twas the first great battle of this war.  
The Northerners moved towards Corinth again,  
And captured it after some time.  
They made a good many prisoners then  
And broke the Confederates' line.

General Scott, who was Commander-in-Chief  
Of the Union armies then,  
Was old and infirm, and to his relief,  
Retired, a brave old man.  
McClellan, who had showed capacity,  
Was called forward to command  
The forces which in front of Washington lay ;  
He had drilled them with a firm, strong hand.



McClellan took them to Fort Monroe,  
And, after considerable work,  
To Richmond he intended to go.  
Between the rivers James and York,  
The land forms a peninsula,  
From which was given the name,  
“Peninsula Campaign,” in Virginia,  
Where McClellan lost some of his fame.

The Confederates forced him a month to stay,  
In besieging poor Yorktown.  
His enemy surrendered on the fifth of May,  
And McClellan regained some renown.  
The Confederates retired ; but McClellan thought  
To pursue them, and at Williamsburg,  
Though tired the men, a battle was fought,  
Where the Union men won the day’s work.

Thomas J. Jackson, a Confederate bold,  
Who received the nickname “Stonewall”  
In the battle of “Bull Run,” as it is told,  
Made a success of manœuvres small,

Confusing the Union troops very much ;  
And McDowell, who had consented  
To join McClellan, who wished very much  
His aid, was thus prevented.

Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate, fought  
The battle of "Fair Oaks" bravely,  
Which to his hard-fighting soldiers brought  
Success o'er McClellan's army.  
But Johnston, being wounded sorely,  
Was relieved by Robert E. Lee,  
Who from Virginia came suddenly,  
His successor for a time to be.

McClellan withdrew to the river James,  
Fighting daily as history tells us,  
And to the list of curious names  
Was added the "Battle of the Seven Days."  
But McClellan fell slowly but carefully back,  
Without losing too many men,  
Before Lee's courageous and furious attack,  
Who tried to beat him again.

Pope's luck at Island Number Ten  
Had given him great reputation.  
He was put in command of the army, when  
After a careful consideration,  
McClellan was relieved ; but also Pope  
Was not equal to Johnston and Lee,  
Who on old Bull Run battlefield cut short his hope,  
And the end no one could foresee.

McClellan, in spite of ill luck, again  
Of the army was put in command.  
But Lee, with a body of Southern men,  
Took Harper's Ferry on Potomac strand.  
McClellan and Lee a battle fought,  
Sixteenth and seventeenth of September,  
At Antietam, Maryland, where each one sought  
To make the other surrender.

On the eighteenth, which was the following day,  
Lee withdrew 'cross Potomac in time ;  
McClellan followed but slowly his way,  
Again making the Rappahannock his line.

Four days later the President

Announced, if any portion of the country  
Should remain in arms 'gainst the Government,  
He would free the slaves of that party.

McClellan had lost the North's confidence, and

His superiors removed him again.  
General Burnside was given the command  
Of this unlucky army of men.  
But Burnside, too rash, a battle sought,  
And at Fredericksburg he greeted  
His enemy with shots, and though bravely he fought,  
Thirteenth of December, was there defeated.

On the first of January, Sixty-Three,

Lincoln issued a proclamation,  
Which declared the slaves in all States free,  
Yet in arms against the Northern nation.  
And many negroes entered then  
The Union army to fight  
Against the South, and a battle won  
Excited their wildest delight.

Burnside was relieved, and Hooker tried  
To command the unhappy army ;  
But only for a short time he satisfied  
The hopes put in him so warmly.  
He could not fight against Jackson and Lee ;  
At the Chancellorsville campaign,  
On the sixth of May, was defeated, and he  
Had to cross the Rappahannock again.

Hooker was relieved, and George G. Meade  
Took his place, and did not shirk  
His duty as a soldier, and proved it indeed  
At the battle of Gettysburg.  
Sixty-Three, July first, on a very hot day,  
The two great armies met,  
And by fear and great anxiety  
Were the North and the South beset.

The courage of the soldiers on either side  
Mounted to a marvelous degree.  
But though the Unionists had a good guide,  
The Confederates under Lee,

On the second day, after a hard long fight,  
Carried works on each side of the line  
Of the Unionists, but again in the night  
They lost them, though soldiers prime.

The third day the Confederates made an assault,  
And broke through the Union centre ;  
But they had not only come to a halt,  
But were driven back, no more to enter  
Again in the Union army's ground ;  
Lee rested a day, and retreated ;  
For though a great general, to his sorrow he found  
That at last he had been defeated.

He had lost about one-third of his men,  
And Meade more than a fourth of his own ;  
After counting the brave, tired soldiers again,  
A fearful loss was shown.  
More than forty-eight thousand were killed or maimed  
Or captured in the battle fought bravely  
Between the armies, where each one had aimed  
To fight or to die for his country.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## NAVAL BATTLES.

A FAMOUS naval battle was fought  
In the waters of "Hampton Roads,"  
Near Fortress Monroe, where McClellan had thought  
To start over rough long roads.

The Confederates, in Norfolk Navy Yard,  
Had seized the "Merrimac,"  
And changed her name to "Virginia,"  
And prepared her for naval attack.

With iron plates she was covered, and  
On the eighth of March, Sixty-Two,  
Fought a sloop-of-war named "Cumberland,"  
And sank her with little ado.

The iron monster "Merrimac"  
Next fought the poor "Congress,"  
A pretty frigate, but alack!  
She was burned nevertheless.

The frigate "Minnesota" came  
To fight, but it was found  
That her fate would be just the same,  
For soon she was aground.

The "Merrimac," it was believed,  
Would try yet more mischief;  
What she had already achieved  
Filled every one with grief.

But from New York, at midnight, came  
An iron vessel small;  
The "Monitor" was her good name,  
Looked wonderingly at by all.

The "Monitor" successfully  
The "Merrimac" prevented  
From doing harm, and ruefully  
To retire she consented.

John Ericsson, a clever man,  
Had built the "Monitor,"  
Which made indeed a change again  
In any naval war.



Captain Farragut, by clever means,  
And much of naval skill,  
Attacked the forts by New Orleans,  
In Sixty-Two and the month of April.

The Confederates, fighting valiantly,  
Surrendered after some time,  
To Farragut's skill and bravery,  
In this battle maritime.

The day after the battle of Gettysburg,  
General U. S. Grant,  
After a long, severe battle, carried the works  
Of Vicksburg, so militant.

Port Hudson could no longer shield  
And defend its inhabitants,  
But soon gave up ; it had to yield  
To the Union General Banks.

## CHAPTER XX.

## BATTLES BETWEEN NASHVILLE AND ATLANTA.

ON the last day of Eighteen Sixty-Two,  
A winter's day most cold,  
Took place the battle of "Murfreeshorough,"  
Under Rosecrans, a leader bold.  
He had taken command of the Union men,  
And Bragg of the Southerners, who  
Were fighting with desperate courage, and when  
Night came, won some fighting ground too.

The next day, the first of Sixty-Three,  
Neither army could make an attack;  
On the third, the Confederates valiantly  
Drove part of the Unionists back.  
And though they bravely held their ground,  
The Southerners at last retreated  
From Rosecrans victorious, but each side found  
Nine thousand in killed and defeated.

At Chickamauga, Rosecrans fought  
On the nineteenth and twentieth of September,  
In Sixty-Three ; each army sought  
To make the other surrender.  
The first day the Northern army men  
Took a favorable position,  
But the Southerners drove them away again,  
And secured some ammunition.

But General Thomas, a leader bold,  
Prevented utter rout  
Of the Union army, as it is told,  
By his courage and coolness stout.  
He kept the Confederate charges back,  
And enabled Rosecrans to prepare  
Chattanooga, in case of sudden attack  
By the Southerners, with a great deal of care.

Grant, who had gained great reputation  
By his famous Vicksburg campaign,  
Relieved, after some consideration,  
Rosecrans of his army of men.

And the "Rock of Chickamauga,"  
As General Thomas was called,  
Took his place at Chattanooga,  
Next to General Grant the bold.

"Missionary Ridge" and "Lookout Mountain"  
Were held by Bragg's army ;  
And Hooker, almost certain  
Of success, fought up his way.  
The valley was wrapped in misty shrouds,  
Whilst he carried that place with glee ;  
'Twas called the "Battle above the Clouds,"  
November twenty-fifth, Sixty-Three.

"Missionary Ridge," defended so bravely  
By Hardee so militant,  
Was attacked by Thomas courageously,  
Who was sent by General Grant.  
The bravery on each side was sublime,  
But the Unionists carried the day ;  
The Southerners were beaten after some time,  
Pursued by some shots on their way.

General Grant now took the sole command  
Of the Union army, and gave  
To another general in the land  
The lead of the Westerners brave.  
And Grant went on to Washington  
To command the army there,  
While Sherman tried to lure Johnston  
Into battle with greatest care.

But Joseph E. Johnston was a man of will,  
And retreated from Sherman with ease.  
With a great deal of prudence and soldierly skill  
Tried his hardships to increase.  
And Sherman, angry, attacked him at length  
At a place called "Kenesaw Mountain ;"  
But the Confederates fought with a great deal of strength,  
And the Unionists were repulsed and beaten.

The Confederate Government, dissatisfied  
With Johnston's careful retreat,  
Removed him, and in his place was tried  
General Hood, who liked not defeat.

But Sherman at last, with a good many men,  
Came south of Atlanta, where  
He compelled General Hood to retire again  
Or be shut up with his men in there.

## CHAPTER XXI.

BATTLES IN THE WILDERNESS AND AT PETERSBURG.

MEANWHILE General Grant went on with Meade

From Washington towards Richmond ;

They moved with precaution, but also with speed,

And met Lee halfway beyond ;

In a region called "The Wilderness,"

The two great armies fought,

Each for their country, and hoped for success,

And counted their lives for naught.

For sixteen days the fighting went on,

And at night they had to keep

A careful watch around, so none

Dared really fall asleep.

The Unionists lost in that "Wilderness"

Near thirty-eight thousand men ;

Lee's losses, though great, were very much less—

So the fight was renewed again.

Fighting and moving eastward they  
Came nearer to Richmond, when  
In Sixty-Four, the second day  
Of June, with a troop of his men,  
Grant attacked the works along the line  
Of Cold Harbor, but was defeated,  
With a loss of six thousand men, in a time  
Of one hour hardly completed.

Eleven days later, Grant's brave army  
Crossed the river James to try  
To capture Petersburg, and in that way  
Cut off one source of supply  
For Richmond. But the Union men  
Were not successful ; and more,  
A siege which lasted nine months began,  
And ended near the close of the war.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE BATTLES IN THE VALLEY.

IN the fertile valley of Virginia far,  
During the years of that fearful war,  
Was carried on a smaller campaign,  
With a terrible number of maimed and slain.

General Breckenridge, the Confederate,  
Defeated General Sigel at New Market,  
In Sixty-Four, the sixteenth day  
Of the warm and beautiful month of May.

But General Hunter, a Union man,  
Beat General Imboden at Piedmont again,  
And then, with the utmost and greatest speed,  
Rushed for Lynchburg, of importance indeed.

This place was strengthened in time to save  
The life of many a soldier brave ;  
But Hunter's retreat down the fertile valley  
Was cut off for his poor and starving army.

The General saved his hungry men  
By retreating another way again  
Into the valley of Kanawha,  
Far away from that of Virginia.

This valley, now open to General Early,  
Saw an army come to Harper's Ferry ;  
He defeated a small force on the seventh day  
Of July, under Wallace, at Monocacy.

Early wanted to capture Washington ;  
But part of Grant's army moved thereupon  
Into the works, and a fight began,  
From which he quickly withdrew again.

He tried several times to make an attack  
On the Union troops, but was driven back  
Into Virginia, with varying success ;  
But his cavalry was beaten, nevertheless.

General Sheridan now took the sole command  
Of the Union troops in this part of the land ;  
He was courageous and wary, but none the less  
Would he risk fighting Early without success.

The battle of "Winchester," or "Opequan,"  
On the nineteenth of September, was fought and won  
By Sheridan, who, three days later, with skill  
Attacked Early in his trenches at Fisher's Hill.

Sheridan won, though Early fought  
Very hard ; but great destruction was wrought,  
For Sheridan burned all the barns filled with grain,  
Preventing the Confederates from returning again.

But when Sheridan toward Potomac went back,  
Early silently followed on his track  
Through this land of starvation, with part of his troops,  
Which he separated in different smaller groups.

When Early to Sheridan's army came near,  
He told his soldiers to leave with the rear  
Their swords and canteens, and all that might  
Make a noise in the quiet, silent night.

Along a lonely path they crept,  
And soon surrounded the men who slept ;  
At the same time Early, with part of his men,  
Attacked Sheridan's army with courage again.

So began the battle of "Cedar Creek ;"  
The Confederates fought well, though many were weak ;  
They drove the Union troops four miles away,  
And made many prisoners in that affray.

But Sheridan, though surprised, was very bold,  
And to his fleeing soldiers he loudly called :  
" Come, boys ! come, boys ! we are going back !"  
So he turned the tide of this sudden attack.

By night General Early with his men retreated  
From the battlefield slowly, once more defeated.  
A few small fights ended this campaign,  
For the troops were needed elsewhere again.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## END OF THE CIVIL WAR.

WHEN Sherman had captured Atlanta, and  
Had forced General Hood to retreat,  
He had to do with a bold, strong man  
Very angry at his defeat.  
He tried to force Sherman to turn and fall  
Back into Tennessee again,  
By going to his rear and cutting off all  
His supplies from the North for his men.

But Sherman was clever, and left the command  
Of his brave troops in Tennessee  
To General Thomas, courageous and grand,  
Though not such a great one as Lee.  
And Sherman, meanwhile, with a small army,  
Set out for Atlanta, to go  
Through the heart of the land of his enemy,  
For he was in no way afraid of his foe.

Hood followed not Sherman, but tried to fight  
Part of Thomas's troops in Tennessee;  
But General Schofield fought well, despite  
The Confederates' wild charges; and he  
Succeeded in keeping Hood's army back,  
Defending the works at Franklin, until  
He crossed the Harpeth without much attack,  
Joining Thomas with his troops at Nashville.

Hood with his army soon followed him there.  
On the fifteenth of November he was  
Attacked by a great many soldiers out there,  
Under the lead of General Thomas.  
A two days' battle followed, when  
General Hood met with utter defeat,  
And from this blow his brave fighting men  
Could not recover, but had to retreat.

While Hood and Thomas were fighting so much,  
Sherman marched through the Confederacy;  
His soldiers consuming supplies, and such  
Would have sustained Lee's army.

Before the battle of "Nashville" was fought,  
Sherman laid siege to Savannah; and on  
December twentieth the Southerners thought  
To evacuate, for Sherman had won.

Wilmington and Fort Fisher were taken  
On January fifteenth, Sixty-Five,  
By the Unionists, which did awaken  
New hopes for the North to survive.  
Schofield, with part of Thomas's army,  
Went to Goldsborough, North Carolina,  
To meet Sherman, who was coming that way,  
For he was leaving the city Savannah.

He moved northward through large swamps, and in rain,  
And Columbia was taken and burned down.  
'Tis said by accident, for Sherman's men  
Had no orders to destroy the town.  
Brave Sherman met at Averysborough  
General Johnston, who suffered defeat;  
But he forced, on the ninth of March, his foe  
At Bentonville to retreat.

But the Southerners, who had suffered much  
And fought bravely, began to despair.  
Even Lee, great general, who had been such  
A great fighter, retreated with care ;  
But at Five Forks, on the first of April,  
Lee with his men was beaten and routed ;  
And while this sharp battle was raging still,  
From Petersburg was victory shouted.

On the second of April, in Sixty-Five,  
Lee retreated from Richmond at night ;  
He made for Danville, but could not arrive  
At that place, for he would have to fight.  
He turned to Lynchburg, but Sheridan again  
That general's march interrupted ;  
On the ninth of April Lee surrendered his men  
To General Grant, whose terms he accepted.

The terrible war was ended at last,  
And sweet peace seemed very inviting ;  
No war had ever been seen so vast,  
No braver men had ever been fighting.



The soldiers went home, and great was their fame.

But thousands of sorrowing women

Never saw their beloved ones return again :

They had died for the good of the Union.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A FEW days after the making of peace,  
Lincoln, with his family, was sitting  
In a box at the theatre, his heart at ease,  
And kind thoughts through his mind were flitting;  
How to conciliate those opposed to him,  
For he was noble and kind-hearted—but  
The life of this man, much beloved, in a grim,  
Awful manner was suddenly cut.

Whilst quietly sitting, enjoying the play,  
He saw not who approached him so near;  
But a sudden loud shot, and the President lay  
In his blood, thus ending a noble career.  
“*Sic semper tyrannis*,” the murderer cried,  
“So always with tyrants;” and then  
Leaped quickly upon the stage, and tried  
To escape the vengeance of men.

Lincoln died in Sixty-Five,  
Fifteenth of April, sad memory !  
And so was ended the useful good life  
Of the abolisher of slavery.  
The murderer was caught, J. Wilkes Booth by name,  
And was killed after some short fight,  
For he resisted arrest, and so found the same  
End to his life, which served him but right.

Lincoln's death was lamented all over the land,  
Even the South sympathized most sincerely ;  
For his kind, good intentions were known there, and  
Many had loved and honored him dearly.  
He lies buried in Springfield, Illinois State ;  
His funeral honors surpassed all in splendor ;  
He had lived through hard times, a man good and great,  
Remembered by all with feelings most tender.

## CONCLUSION.

ANDREW JOHNSON, Lincoln's Vice-President,  
Ruled in his stead to the end of his term.  
But in Sixty-Eight the Government  
Was given to Grant so firm ;  
And in Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Two,  
He was President reëlected  
By a large majority, for he was true,  
And everywhere much respected.

In Seventy-Six, Rutherford B. Hayes  
Was chosen to succeed President Grant,  
And many a thing might be said in his praise  
During the four years he ruled in the land.  
The year Eighteen Hundred and Eighty came,  
And James A. Garfield of Ohio was  
Made President ; but his end was the same  
As that of poor Lincoln, alas !

On the second of July in Eighty-One,  
He was shot and mortally wounded,  
Dying eighty days after that bad deed done,  
By his friends and family surrounded.  
And Chester A. Arthur, the Vice-President,  
Followed Garfield so cruelly killed ;  
The murderer was tried, and the Government  
Had him hanged for the blood which he spilled.

In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Four,  
Grover Cleveland was elected ;  
He had been Governor of New York before,  
A man much esteemed and respected.  
In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Eight,  
Benjamin Harrison was to follow  
In the line of Presidents good and great,  
But he too had his share of sorrow.

In Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Two,  
Grover Cleveland was reelected.  
But the hardships the country has undergone,  
Could not all in this book be collected.

Civilization is spreading all over the land,  
Art and Science are on the increase.  
May the United States yet more expand,  
And flourish in freedom and peace!

## AMERICA ;

OR,

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

MY country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing—  
Land where our fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride.  
From every mountain's side,  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free—  
Thy name I love.  
I love thy rocks and rills ;  
Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
    Sweet freedom's song.  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break—  
    The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
    To thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by thy might,  
    Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.



## TABLE OF PRESIDENTS.

|                          |                   |                       |
|--------------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. GEORGE WASHINGTON.    | Inaugurated 1789. | Served 8 years.       |
| 2. JOHN ADAMS.           | “ 1797.           | “ 4 “                 |
| 3. THOMAS JEFFERSON.     | “ 1801.           | “ 8 “                 |
| 4. JAMES MADISON.        | “ 1809.           | “ 8 “                 |
| 5. JAMES MONROE.         | “ 1817.           | “ 8 “                 |
| 6. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.    | “ 1825.           | “ 4 “                 |
| 7. ANDREW JACKSON.       | “ 1829.           | “ 8 “                 |
| 8. MARTIN VAN BUREN.     | “ 1837.           | “ 4 “                 |
| 9. WILLIAM H. HARRISON.  | “ 1841.           | “ 1 month.            |
| 10. JOHN TYLER.          | “ 1841.           | “ 3 years, 11 months. |
| 11. JAMES K. POLK.       | “ 1845.           | “ 4 “                 |
| 12. ZACHARY TAYLOR.      | “ 1849.           | “ 1 year, 4 months.   |
| 13. MILLARD FILLMORE.    | “ 1850.           | “ 2 years, 8 “        |
| 14. FRANKLIN PIERCE.     | “ 1853.           | “ 4 “                 |
| 15. JAMES BUCHANAN.      | “ 1857.           | “ 4 “                 |
| 16. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.     | “ 1861.           | “ 4 “ 1½ months.      |
| 17. ANDREW JOHNSON.      | “ 1865.           | “ 3 “ 10½ “           |
| 18. ULYSSES S. GRANT.    | “ 1869.           | “ 8 “                 |
| 19. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES. | “ 1877.           | “ 4 “                 |
| 20. JAMES A. GARFIELD.   | “ 1881.           | “ 5½ months.          |
| 21. CHESTER A. ARTHUR.   | “ 1881.           | “ 3 years, 6½ “       |
| 22. GROVER CLEVELAND.    | “ 1885.           | “ 4 “                 |
| 23. BENJAMIN HARRISON.   | “ 1889.           | “ 4 “                 |
| 24. GROVER CLEVELAND.    | “ 1893.           | “                     |











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